

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

MRS. SELWIN AGAIN ADVISES

Confession CLXIV.

If when I am as old as Mrs. Selwin I am as beautiful and broad, as sympathetic and yet have as much common sense as that dear lady, I shall consider I have not spent my life in vain.

As soon as Dick and I were welcomed to the Selwin living-room, which is just like Mrs. Selwin, with its charming Colonial furniture, dignified hangings and beautiful old prints and remarkable proof etchings, Dick and Mr. Selwin retired to his den to talk business.

I did want to get some comfort from Mrs. Selwin and also advice on how to proceed with Dick so that he would understand that the one thing required of him was truth. It seemed to me as though I could forgive Dick anything else but lying to me. And yet I did not want to tell her that I did not trust Dick any more. Consequently I tried my best to think of some subject that would get from her an opinion that I could apply to my own case.

Just as I was despairing of being able to do it I happened to mention Jack and his secret marriage to Mary, and I said: "I never saw a sweeter woman than Mary, and the way she idealizes that cub of a college man, Jack, is rather pathetic to me."

"It isn't well for a woman to dream too much about the man she is going to marry," said Mrs. Selwin, "for, notwithstanding all that the poets say about it, dreams never come true."

"You can imagine a man that is a composite of angel and lover with a dash of the romantic adventurer and the business man all rolled up into one person and trotting about on life's stage, but, thank heavens, I have never seen him."

"Men are about the same the world over and you will come to realize that only when you are as old as I am."

Then you will have learned, my dear, that in their every-day clothes and manners they are not at all like the lovers of which you have dreamed.

"I shall never forget the first time that Mr. Selwin told me a lie. He had been out with some people of whom he was sure I did not approve. When he arrived home it was very late and he told me it was some business men that kept him downtown."

"The next day one of the real parties he had been out with told me enough to make me understand that Samuel had told me an untruth."

"My dear! the world came toppling about my head. I was sure that I could never love Sam so well again, but I forgot it in a little while and he told me untruths again and again. However, I never again had that terrible feeling which I had the first time I had caught my husband in a lie."

"You see, my dear, my 'dream' husband was always like George Washington. He could not tell a lie even to his wife. But my real husband could and did tell lies whenever he thought it was necessary."

"Oh! my dear Margie, I don't mean to imply that Mr. Selwin is a liar, but what I do mean to convey is that he tells untruths, just as you and I, when the occasion seems to demand it."

"But, Mrs. Selwin, I don't tell untruths!" I exclaimed in horrified accents.

"Don't you, my dear?" she answered, with a smile. "Then you are a more remarkable young woman than I thought you! Margie," she said, impressively, "we all tell untruths" always when we think they are needed and sometimes when the truth would be better."

"Don't worry, Margie, if you find your husband out in a fib or two, for they can be used to even up things when he catches you doing the same."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)